

To Correspondents.  
J. H. Spencer. Will endeavor to correct the difficulty if we can find out where it is.  
A. B. Bloomington. Will write you in a day or two. Think we shall want him.

Those indebted to us, by note especially, who prefer to settle with us instead of "somebody else," would do as well to attend to it soon. We have "waited patiently" much too long.

RAILROAD CELEBRATION.—We understand the cars will reach this city on the 25th instant. What is to be done in the way of a jollification? Who takes the matter in hand first? Let us have something done, and let us begin now. Who will make the first plan? Go ahead, and wake the snakes!

Our New Regiment.  
Major A. F. Morrison, commissary of subsistence has just received orders from Washington, to do duty with the new regiment of Indiana volunteers now being organized under the command of Col. J. H. Lane. Major Morrison is directed to accompany them to Vera Cruz, and to report to Gen. Scott, which indicates clearly that Col. Lane's regiment will join Gen. Scott, and be brought into a region of active service, instead of being subject to perform garrison duty upon the line of the Rio Grande. Ho! then, for the halls of the Montezumas! The boys know now, who will feed them; and we have yet to hear of any complaint of Major Morrison in that respect.

MORE DODGING.—The Mishawaka Bee, a late whig-neutral paper, has hoisted the Mexican flag of Tom Corwin for the Presidency. The Danville Advertiser, also whig, gives Gen. Taylor the cold shoulder after this fashion: "We believe that no man in the United States has been authorized as yet to place the fact of his being a whig or no whig beyond all doubt. And, until this is known—until the people have been made thoroughly acquainted with his sentiments—until it is known by the whole whig party, that he is sound upon every principle for the triumph of which it stands pledged, regardless of men, he cannot and will not be their candidate. The question of his availability, or that of any other man, alone, will not do. We subscribe fully to the last sentence in what follows."

"Taylor is no more a whig than Silas Wright. He refuses to run as the whig candidate. He never has been identified with the whig party. He never cast a whig vote. The last vote he ever gave was for General Jackson. Why then should the whigs support him in preference to Silas Wright? But we do not expect to vote for either. 'Sink or swim, live or die,' we mean to vote for no man who does not openly and fearlessly maintain our sentiments, and is willing to stake his all upon their success, let the result be what it may."—Cleveland whig paper.

Letter Postage to Europe.  
By a letter addressed to the post master at Baltimore, from New York, it appears that postage on letters to go by the French steamers, is the regular United States inland postage only.

Letters by the Liverpool steamers must pay twenty-five cents, for every half ounce, in addition to the United States inland postage.

Letters by the packets should pay twelve and a half cents for every half ounce, in addition to the United States inland postage.

When letters arrive at the New York postoffice with the packet postage (12 cents) unpaid, they are forwarded by transient vessels, that carry them without demanding freight.

Persons addressing their friends on the continent of Europe should bear these things in mind.

THE DEVIL TURNED PREACHER.—A young editor in this State preaches loudly over the defeat of Robert Dale Owen, stigmatizing him as all that is vile,—as an atheist, inculcating wretched doctrines, scoffing at Christianity, &c. &c., and esteems his defeat a triumph of the friends of morality and religion. The whole article is so rabid that it does but little credit to the editor. But as he preaches so glibly of morals and religion, we would ask him, if he ever heard of Mr. Owen making an infamous proposition to an unprotected female while waiting in a public house for the stage horses to be changed? We refer him to Matt. vii. 5.

ANOTHER TELEGRAPH.—The Michigan City News of the 3d, says, "Mr. I. B. Livingston is here as the Agent of O'Reilly & Co., in constructing a line from this point, direct south through Lafayette and Indianapolis, there to connect with Louisville and St. Louis. The route will be set to Lafayette in 18 days. He has all the materials, and men necessary for the purpose. Operations from Chicago have been commenced, and will be complete to Detroit in six weeks. Success to such enterprise. We refer our readers to the circular of Mr. O'Reilly, in another column."

DEATH OF GEORGE H. PROFFITT.—The Louisville Democrat contains a notice of the death of Hon. Geo. H. Proffitt, who has filled several important stations in our country. He died at the Constock House about one o'clock on the night of the 6th instant. He has been afflicted for some time, and came to this city last Thursday for the purpose of procuring further medical aid. This will be sad news for his family, as they did not look for his death so soon.

It appears from the statement of the Treasurer of the United States, that the net amount on deposit, subject to draft, was, on the 30th August, \$3,727,051.54. The amount of Treasury notes outstanding, \$15,808,430.31. This statement is rather mal-ominoous for the whigs. The debt will hardly be large enough to suit them, unless they can manage to keep up the war ten or a dozen years.

CHANCE FOR A PRINTER.—The editor of the Indiana Palladium, published at Vevay, Ind., offers the establishment for sale. Possession to be given on the 23d of October. We think it a good location, and hope friend Stephens will find as good a democrat as himself to supply his place. We are sorry to part with him as a brother editor, and wish him success, should he leave the tripod.

Can the postmaster at Madison inform us how it is that the Cincinnati mail fails to reach this city as often as twice a week? It is especially annoying to have mails from above and below that city, and their pouches come up missing; and a remedy should be applied, if the reason of the delay can be found.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Stephen E. Rodgers, of Switzerland county, Indiana, wishes information of his brother Talbot Rodgers, whom he left in Orange county, N. Y., about 31 years ago, and has not heard from him since.

The letter said to have been obtained and published by the Mexicans as from the Secretary of War, to Gen. Scott, is published in the New Orleans papers. It is a base forgery—and every line indicates its Mexican origin.

We are requested to call the attention of the public to the meeting of the Indiana Copper Mining Company this evening at the Court House. See advertisement in this day's paper.

We omit several articles prepared for this paper for the purpose of using the matter in type, which has unavoidably been deferred.

# The Indianapolis State Sentinel.

Published every Thursday.

INDIANAPOLIS, SEPTEMBER 16, 1847.

[Volume VII: Number 12.]

## Whig Union and Harmony.

The poor whig editors, at least that portion of them whose ingenuity is exhausted in hunting up trifles; wherewith to make charges against the administration and the Democratic party, are amusing themselves by occasionally inditing a little truth, and lampooning each other. So addicted have they become to fault-finding, that it has become part of their nature; and as their causes are removed, one after another, it keeps them wonderfully busy, skipping around, to find others. It matters not what it may be—it is only to be approved by the democracy, and on they rush to the combat. If something is not found, those there are who will at once build up a "man of straw," frequently by wholesale forgery, that they may show their prowess by demolishing it, and thus prepare a mess for those whose stomachs revel in garbage. And we are occasionally amused, if not instructed, to see them let out the truth, and rub each other—the pot calling the kettle black! As a good natured specimen, we give the following from the Brookville American. It should be remembered that the Torch Light editor does not conceal, or attempt to conceal, his Tory-whiggery, but speaks out boldly, while the American pretends to uphold the war.

Says: "We are happy to learn that the editor of the Xenia Torch Light has been safely secured. He is laboring under the dire effects of political insanity, and in some of the hallucinations of his brain, supposed that the Mexican army was after him. This occurred during the temporary absence of his idol Tom Corwin, at Chicago. He imagined that no one but the object of his adoration could save him from the Mexican lances. He therefore started west, it is supposed, en disshibelle, dishevelled hair, and with wild and frantic eyes, across woods, swamps, and prairies, fighting the natives and the gose in his unearthly screams, of 'Save me, Tom!' 'Save me, Tom!' He was shortly after found in the Territory of Minnesota, safely secured, and we believe has arrived safe at home to the joy of his afflicted friends. They feel entire confidence that by kind treatment, approaching cool weather, and strict dieting, he will yet be restored to his reason. It is a sad spectacle to look upon a man of such talent, genius, and of promise to his country, thus in ruin—the mind the wreck of what it once was.

Fearful indeed would be the responsibility of this administration, for bringing on this war with Mexico, and thereby destroying the reason of the talented, liberal and enlightened editor of the Xenia Torch Light. His attending physician should recommend for his drink, weak tea made of the olive branch of peace, and goats' milk. Any stronger nutriment might throw him into spasms again.

Well done, Rhode Island!—Defeat of the Albigenses.  
The election of a democrat to Congress from Rhode Island has nearly about spoiled all the hopes of the whig party.

Greely's Tribune groans over the result most piteously. It destroys the last hope of the whig party in their control of the States in a Presidential election by the House. The Journal of Commerce figures up the States in the House as follows:

Whig.	Democrat.	Equally divided.
Alabama	Missouri	N. Hampshire
Arkansas	Illinois	Rhode Island
California	Michigan	Total, 3.
Florida	Ohio	
Georgia	Pennsylvania	
Idaho	Texas	
Indiana	New Jersey	
Iowa	Massachusetts	
Kentucky	Delaware	
Louisiana	Connecticut	
Maine	Arkansas	
Maryland	North Carolina	
Massachusetts	Total, 11.	

The four States not included in the above list, are Maine, Maryland, Louisiana and Mississippi. It is most probable that three of these will elect a majority of democrats, and the other (Maryland) may be a tie. At all events, the whigs have no chance of a majority of the States, and consequently no chance of success, except by uniting with some other party or faction, in case the election of President should devolve upon the House.

The Journal of Commerce should have added Wisconsin to the democratic list, which will be in the Union by that time. But in mercy protect us from a Congressional election under any circumstances.

Murder of a Young Woman.  
The New York Sun of Tuesday, gives an account of a murder perpetrated at Mount Pleasant, near Sing Sing, on the 29th ultimo, under the following circumstances:

"A man named Amos Northrup, aged 45 years, a native of Newcastle, had been for some time engaged to marry Miss Mary Goodheart, a young woman 15 years of age. But from recent exhibitions which had made of violent and ungovernable temper, she felt it her duty to break off the match, and so stated it to him on Sunday last, at the residence of her sister. On hearing this he immediately stabbed her, when she cried out to her sister, 'he is murdering me!' 'Jump out of the window!' Both of the young women then jumped out of the window together, and fell upon the ground, uninjured by the fall. Mary was mortally wounded and died in a few minutes. Her sister states that she saw the handle of the dirk as Northrup plunged it into her breast. The murderer escaped while the brother and sister were carrying the body into the house. Parties of citizens assembled and commenced searching the country for him, but he had not been taken at the last accounts."

The murderer, after having avoided his pursuers from Sunday until the following Wednesday, by secreting himself in the woods and caves of the vicinity, was arrested. He had made several attempts to commit suicide by cutting his throat—bleeding in the arm, and hanging; but all failed. He was committed, and will probably be murdered by law.

CORWIN AND SCHENCK REBUKED.—The whigs of Montgomery county held their nominating convention on Saturday last. A correspondent of the Ohio Statesman says:

"After the candidates were chosen, a resolution was offered approving the course of Corwin and Schenck in reference to the war, which was unanimously voted down. The friends of Schenck took the alarm, and moved a reconsideration, when the resolution was, by a bare majority, laid on the table."

This is a most scorching rebuke. The whigs of SCHENCK'S own county could not stand an approval of his course,—and the more sagacious of the politicians, we presume, were afraid to base their party action upon any such grounds. The Montgomery Representative is not the only one who will, in good time, be repudiated by the people.

Too TRUE.—The Pittsburgh Post truly says of Mr. Owen: "Robert Dale Owen has been defeated. He has fallen, it is true; and he has fallen in defence of the soundest principles of the democratic faith. But he is not a man to be kept down. Like the eternal principles of truth, a mind like his will—well—rise again. All the influence of federalism cannot prevent this."

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A young woman of Pittsburgh attempted to commit suicide by leaping from the Monongahela bridge into the river. She was rescued and restored to her friends. Seduction is the alleged cause.

It is not a good plan to hitch horses so far from the house; and decidedly worse to pull off your coat when you wish to catch him. Don't do so again.

## From the Junior Editor.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Sept. 6, 1847.

DEAR GEORGE.—I am here, where I arrived last night at 11 o'clock. I shall remain till to-night at 8 p. m., when I shall take the stage at Bellefontaine, and the railroad from thence to Sandusky. Having a few hours' leisure, and nothing else to do, I thought I would give my experience thus far as to the route I have travelled. My purpose was when I left Indianapolis on Saturday night last, to go as far as Dayton by stage, and then take the canal packet boats to Toledo, and thence steamboat to Cleveland, &c. This route I suppose to be a little cheaper than the one I have thus far taken. But as I desired to get to Baltimore at the earliest time practicable by the northern route, I changed my original purpose, and instead of going up the canal from Dayton, I continued on here, and will take the stage to Bellefontaine, and then the railroad to Sandusky city, &c. By this means I shall probably gain nearly one day over the canal route, though I shall have to remain on my cars in this dull town of Springfield about twenty mortal hours with nothing in particular to do. Thus far the cost of a single passage has been—

From Indianapolis to Dayton, 21 hours	\$5 00
Dayton to Springfield, 4 "	1 50
Springfield to Sandusky, 5 "	5 00

It is with the greatest difficulty that any information as to any of these routes could be obtained anywhere east of Dayton. Even at Eaton the people about the town did not seem hardly to know that there was any such thing as a canal or canal boat at Dayton—could not give any satisfactory information about that route, and knew but little more about the stages. At Dayton the information was dubious and uncertain; though, having conversed with a perfectly disinterested friend or two on the subject, the preference, so far as speed is concerned, seemed to be due to the route I have chosen.

Around about Dayton—en passant. I remained there about 3 hours. That was long enough to give me some idea of the place and its people. Every thing about it betokens industry, thrift, energy, enterprise, liberality and good taste. I verily believe there is more of these qualities there than can be found everywhere else along the route, all put together, from Indianapolis here. Many new buildings of brick are in progress of erection, and a very large stone building of elegant and costly structure, in the public square, which I supposed was for a Court House, &c. I had hardly time to make particular inquiry about any thing. I should think one might spend a very pleasant day there. This place, Springfield, is remarkable for nothing that I can discover. It might be made something of a town, were it not for certain contracted notions, which prevail in some other places as well as this. For instance, the railroad is completed south-easterly to Cincinnati, but then so high a tariff of rates upon freight is charged that it is cheaper to transport many articles of merchandise from Cincinnati by wagon than by the cars.

This is a miserable and piecemeal policy for the railroad as well as the town. Then the railroad north, which is owned by another company, remains unfinished, and from all I can learn is likely to continue so indefinitely. It is admitted here that it would be better for the farmers in this neighborhood if it was completed, as they could have the full benefit of the northern and southern markets; but then it is supposed that the town would lose a good many fips and dimes that it now gets by detaining passengers, &c. They can't realize the fact that nothing but the country can make the town, do what we will besides. Dayton might as well think of filling up the canal which extends from it northwardly and plough up the turnpike roads this side of it, as for these people to entertain the stupid notions they do about the railroad. But such is the shortsightedness and perverseness of human nature, uncorrected by experience and good sense.

I hear nothing said on the subject of politics, except that at Dayton the whigs, in convention a few days ago got into a snarl about the war question, and passed resolutions condemning their friend Bob Schenck, for his anti-Corwin notions. He will soon dress them down, I hear, and will be sustained by the mass of the whigs. I have not heard Taylor's name mentioned at all. The truth is, that all the talk about him for the Presidency is confined to the newspapers, and those among the newspapers which support him do not seem to be of the first class. Perhaps I may write again from Cleveland.

Adieu, I. P. C.  
N. B. I meant to have said that the managers of these eastern routes should give information to Central Indiana by advertising them in the newspapers. Until they do that, of course they cannot expect many travellers from that quarter.

Correspondence of the State Sentinel.

CAMP NEAR MILER, Mexico, Aug. 4, 1847.

DEAR SIRS.—This has been a day of rejoicing in this regiment. That old and tried veteran—that embodiment of Indiana chivalry—the Hero of Buena Vista—arrived in camp to-day in the character of Brigadier General. The arrival of no other officer, even of General Taylor himself, could have infused such a feeling of enthusiasm in the camp, than was manifested on the arrival of Gen. Joseph Lane. He looks well, and will assume the command of this division; is full of fight, and is ready as ever to give hard knocks and a good many of them. Every body is pleased. Colonel Gorman, the field and staff officers are rejoiced. The whole of the 4th Indians have arrived here except 3 companies, who will get to-night from Camargo—distance about twenty-five miles by land; a hard march for the boys. The heat is intense and overpowering; sand and dust suffocating; war scenes and land; very "our sufferings is intolerable." From the mouth of the Rio Grande to this place is about three hundred and fifty miles by water and 150 by land; and to tell the plain truth about it, I would not exchange the county of Monroe (or even Ben Blossom) in Indiana, for all the purposes of life, for the whole of it. Perhaps the country may improve as we go ahead; but here it produces nothing but whiskers, moustaches, and goddies. As for laurels, they can't be gathered in these dignities. The 4th Indians will compare favorably with any regiment, either regular or volunteer, on the ground. There is an average of some six or eight in each company on the sick list; but few deaths, not over four from disease; but still the risk is great for at least two months to come.

There are already three regiments of infantry, exclusive of our own, on the ground—to wit: the 1st, made up from the southern States generally; the 13th from Alabama and Georgia; the 16th, under Colonel Tibbatts of Ky., from Kentucky and Indiana. We met with many of our friends in the 18th, especially Majors Talbot and our old friend, Major Norvell, of Lawrence county, Indiana. Major Norvell is in fine health. With an iron constitution and a mind ever active, energetic, and cheerful, he has not only become a very valuable, but also a very popular officer. This is nothing more than might have been expected. Lawrence and Martin counties are well represented. Of the chance of a fight soon you know about as much as we do. We are eating certainly a very large quantity of Uncle Sam's bread and meat, to say nothing of the quantity wasted and destroyed. I trust we shall have a chance at least of rendering him a good pro quo. If Gen. Taylor wants to march right into San Luis Potosi, please how morning.

will be "on hand," and do the thing up in a rug. I have just received your paper of the 8th of July; although rather old (like myself) still it was as acceptable to me as an appointment from the President, a glass of water out of old Murphy's well, or a good dinner of bacon and eggs at Orchard's tavern. Please to continue your favors and greatly oblige not only myself, but all the regiment.

Yours, ALEX. MCCLELLAND.

CAMP NEAR MILER, Mexico, Aug. 10, 1847.

DEAR SIRS.—But little of interest has transpired since my former communication. This morning Brigadier General Lane, with an escort of one company of Ohio Dragoons and one company of Infantry, under Captain Owens of Indiana, proceeded to the Headquarters of General Taylor for the purpose of reporting himself and ascertaining the wishes of Gen. Taylor in regard to the future movement of troops arrived at this place. There is a general desire throughout the encampment, embracing both officers and men, to escape from the oppressive heat of this position, and to be stationed at Monterey enjoying the mountain air and drinking from the mountain springs that abound in that delightful region. To remain at this place for two months more, which is as soon as a change of atmosphere can be expected, would be an unnecessary exposure of the health of the troops, and a waste of time and money. On the return of General Lane, which will be in ten days, we shall ascertain our destination. Inasmuch as we are now upon the Mexican soil, and have endured so much danger and fatigue in getting here, we are anxious to remain long enough to do the "State some service;" also to try the quality of our gun flints and percussion caps in a regular "set to" with the Mexicans. Indeed, in view of these considerations, the establishment of a peace; an honorable peace, however desirable in the abstract, would be an event with all possible deprecation by the lately recruited regiment.

We hear rumor upon rumor in regard to the operations of General Scott's Army, as well as to the state of negotiations now supposed to be in progress between Mexico and the United States in regard to the terms of a treaty of peace. But little confidence, however, is to be placed in any of them. At all events the appearance of ten thousand bayonets glancing in the sun, the dazzling brilliancy of a well appointed and highly disciplined force, a moving and portable battery in itself, with a *bede muree* of the "grape and canister," will open more effectually upon the sage deliberations of a Mexican Congress than any other argument we are capable of using. At present, however, the work of drill and discipline goes bravely on. The men when not on drill are on fatigue duty; clearing up the chaparral, building arbor in front of their tents, erecting kitchens, and making all kinds of improvements for their comfort, during their temporary stay at this rendezvous. They have even gone so far as to avail themselves of a very fine sulphur spring within two hundred yards of the camp ground; the water holds in solution not only sulphur, but salt, and have dug and walked up with limestone rock a very comfortable bath house. I have frequently bathed in it, and derived much advantage from the use of its waters.

Col. Gorman is assisted in and relieved of the discharge of much of his most difficult duty by that excellent officer, Lieut. Colonel Ebenezer Dumont, of Lawrenceburgh. Col. Dumont possesses in an eminent degree that rare combination of modesty and talent, so seldom meeting in the same person; so essential to an officer and a gentleman; securing the respect and eliciting the affection of his men, only his fellow officers, but of the whole regiment. Of Major W. W. McCoy, formerly of Shelby county, now of Laporte, to those who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance at home, it is needless to say that he is a general favorite. There are some men upon whom office confers honor and distinction; others confer honor and distinction upon the office they hold. Of this last class is Major McCoy. Zeal for the service, promptness in the discharge of all his duties, with a mind well balanced and instructed, and a judgment ripe and well matured, are traits which strongly mark and distinguish the character of Major McCoy.

With sentiments of great respect, yours truly, ALEX. MCCLELLAND.

Reporter 4th Indiana Vols.

## Head Quarters Indiana Militia.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

Indianapolis, September 24, 1847.

### GENERAL ORDERS, No. 15.

I. To remove all doubt and uncertainty as to the ultimate acceptance of any company, which shall have been reported to Col. Lane for service in the 5th regiment of Indiana volunteers, under the authority of the War Department of the 26th ultimo, and to stimulate and encourage the raising of companies with all practicable despatch, the following explanation or modification of Article XVII in the last General Order, in consultation with Col. Lane, hereby promulgated, viz:

II. Any company reported to Col. Lane, as full, and accompanied by a "muster" or list of the names of the members, showing that a bare majority of them have been in service in Mexico from Indiana, will be at once accepted into the said regiment, without any further being afterwards excluded on account of any other company.

III. Should it happen that two companies, each containing a majority of returned volunteers, are not reported in time, the deficiency will be supplied by accepting the requisite number of such full companies which shall have been reported, as may not have a majority of returned volunteers; and these, in such contingency, will be accepted in the order of time in which they were reported.

IV. Any returned volunteer in the State, without regard to his residence therein, will have the preference to be received into any company, and if he applies for that purpose after the company is full, the last recruit on the company's list for the service in Mexico, will give place to him. The same rule will be observed if any larger number of returned volunteers apply for admission into a company. But no fresh recruit will be required to leave the company, after it commences its march for the place of rendezvous.

V. After a company has been reported as not having a majority of returned volunteers, it will still be allowable if afterwards enabled to do so, to fortify a company, shall give place to him. The same rule will be observed if any larger number of returned volunteers apply for admission into a company. But no fresh recruit will be required to leave the company, after it commences its march for the place of rendezvous.

VI. The importance of the report of reporting companies at the earliest practicable time, in all cases, is manifest. By these regulations, it is believed that the best mode is adopted for carrying out the provisions of the War Department of the 26th ultimo, in relation to the 5th regiment being "wholly or principally" of returned volunteers, and, at the same time, that the regiment be raised with all practicable despatch. It will also give an outlet for the services of every part of the State, to rally to the standard of their country.

VII. In conformity with the request of the War Department that a place of rendezvous be appointed on the Ohio River for the several companies in Indiana, which shall be accepted, Madison is hereby designated for that purpose.

By order of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

D. REYNOLDS,

Adjutant General Indiana Militia.

We find the following in a number of western whig papers: OREGON.—A letter from Oregon to the St. Louis Republican, dated the 23d of May last, states that the election for Governor was to come off on the first Monday in June; that George Abernethy (whig) and A. L. Lovejoy (locofoco) were the principal candidates, and that these divisions had no effect in the contest; that Abernethy, who has been Governor for two or three years, is opposed to the "license law," and vetoed it when passed by the Legislature; that the latter is in favor of it, and assisted in carrying it through the Legislature in spite of the veto; that the only issue is "liquor or no liquor," and that the "no liquor" candidate would be elected by a triumphant majority.

DISMISSED THE SERVICE.—The New Orleans Picayune learns, on good authority, from Vera Cruz, that Senor Atocha was promptly discharged from a situation he held in the customs in that city, for conniving at the escape of Paredes. We learn, too, says the Picayune, that Capt. Clark, the Port Captain at Vera Cruz, has been dismissed from his post for remissness in his office of Paredes.

## Three Scenes in a Life-Time.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

Fresh dewy flowers were hung on pictured walls And there was revelry in ancient halls; It was a festive time, a bridal day, A merry gathering of the young and gay; And there were snowy brows and sunny eyes, And sparkling jewels of a thousand dyes; Fair forms were mingling, moving to and fro; Sweet words of love were whispered, soft and low, And gently mid the fair, the glittering throng, Arose the gleeful laugh and choral song. To joy's wild measure bounding pulses beat, And Time, on jewelled pinions, passed too fleet; But they had gathered at the altar now— That youth with steady tread and noble brow, That dark eyed maiden, timid, slight and fair, And he, the holy man, with silvery hair.

The vows were spoken, and the rite was done; The lingering hands detached, one by one, And soft the bride went forth to bid farewell To girlhood's happy haunts in bower and dell. She wandered to the stream whose shells and flowers Had been the playthings of her childhood's hours; Then o'er her heart, like some mysterious spell The bidding shadow of the future fell. Still would the streamlet sing the same old song; Still would the waves dance merrily along; Still would the moonlight glitter on the shells; Still would the spicing bring back the starry bells; Even the zephyr, whirling lightly o'er, Might wail again the blossoms on the shore, And she, perchance, behold them nevermore.

And other eyes beheld where hers had roved, And other eyes beheld what she had loved. She sat beneath the breezy green arcade The mingling branches of the old trees made; The tide of feeling in her soul was strong, And her full heart poured out a gush of song. Dear mother! fond, true-hearted mother, All lovely and dear as thou art, I leave thee, but how can I smother The thoughts of my yearning heart.

To thee I have ever confided The dream of my wayward youth; Thy counsel hath faithfully guided My steps in the paths of truth. And oh! should my fond heart grow lonely, And drop like the daisy seed, When it has no resting place only The ark of a husband's love.

Then homeward, my ever dear mother, My thoughts, like the bird's, shall flee, And then, my fair sister and brother, And then, I will think of you.

And oh, when ye gather at even, Around our altar to pray, Speed our aspiration to heaven, For he who is far away!

I wandered in a sunny southern clime, On a bright evening, in the summer time; A vale, so fair as fancy's wildest dream, Stretched out before me, and a lovely stream Now gleamed and sparkled like a flood of light, Then wound through woodland bowers beyond my sight. The lime, the myrtle and the orange bowered Sent up the incense of a thousand flowers; The faint sad music of the zephyr's sigh; The voice of shimmering leaves in fond reply; The bee's low humming and the wild bird's call; The murmur of a distant waterfall In mingling, melting harmony arose, And charmed tumultuous feeling to repose.

A lovely cottage rose before me there; Its latticed portico and walls so fair; Just peeping through the flowers and bright green leaves, Trained in festoons o'er windows, doors and eaves. A father sat beside the open door, Conning a ponderous tome of ancient lore, And near a young mother, meek and mild, Lulled to its evening rest a cherub child.

Oh! she was beautiful, a nameless grace Beamed like a halo on her girlish face. 'Twas not the austere tresses unconfined; 'Twas not the brow where intellect was shrined; 'Twas not the rosy lip, or eye so bright, That made that liquid, wavy spell of light; The charm of all, itself from all apart, Was the soft sunshine of a loving heart.

The clock, within a lonely city tower, Told the departure of the midnight hour; Black clouds were sweeping o'er the wintry sky; The northern blast, in trumpet tones, went by, And the wild pattering of the hail and sleet Rang like the falling of a thousand feet; At that lone hour, within an attic room, All life with wail and wretchedness and gloom, A woman struggled with the fearful strife That rends the brittle thread of human life.

Still she was young, but sorrow's blighting stain Had spent its fury on her fragile form; Still there was beauty on the pallid brow, Where the cold death-dew gathered slowly now. Through the long hours a faint light had kept The lonely vigil, while his mother slept; But now, she wakened, and her eye gleamed bright With the last sparkle of the spirit's light, And in a voice that tripped low and deep, She said—"My precious Willie, dost thou sleep?"

"I too would weep to leave thee here alone; But oh! my father, let thy will be done. There was a time, my almost orphan child, When thy poor father's voice was soft and mild; He was the kindest, gentlest, best of men, And well my darling boy, he loved thee then. He loved me too, how fondly and how well I have no word, no time, no strength to tell; And we were happy; now the woe seems strange. But let it pass, there came a fearful change; The tempest tore our dear domestic bower, In gale a hurricane, but a fond in power; From him your father learned to love the mirth And boisterous revel round the stranger's hearth; At first, he did not leave me lonely now; But soon the wretched cry deep and strong, 'And I have watched, from dark till dawning grey, And through the tardy hours of the long day Have watched and wept, and still he did not come To cheer our desolate, our lonely home. And when he came, he wore upon his brow The dark expression that beclouds it now. My step grew heavy, and my voice grew weak, The ruddy blood departed from my cheek; My form was wasted, and my eye was dim, And yet I tried to hide it all from him. I dried the burning tears that staved to start; I tried to still the throbbings of my heart; I whispered words of love, and sought to win His erring footsteps from the path of sin."

When strong excitement stirred his heart to me, He seemed to love me, all thought of thee. Then, who had but his joy, his pride, his boast— 'Twas this afflicted creature, dearest, most. And I had taught thy tongue to lip his name, That thou might'st win his notice when he came. I watched him, but he rudely passed thee by With the cold glance of an unloving eye. Then all was over, by that bitter joke, I knew my cup of happiness was broken. But why dost busy memory wander back To dreary scenes along life's weary track? These feeble, fluttering pulses soon will cease, And this poor heart will rest, at last, in peace. Dear Willie, tell thy father I have striven, And prayed that he might turn and be forgiven; Tell him I hope to meet him yet in heaven. She laid her hand upon his fair young head, And in soft faltering accents feebly said, "My father, God in heaven, to thee I give Him for whose sake I could have wished to live. Oh! wilt thou guide?"—her voice grew faint and low, Her white lips moved, all tremulous and slow, And the old clock, in its slow, steady pace, Told the midnight hour, and the dawn of day.

Went up to heaven's throne in voiceless words. Long gazed the boy upon those eyes so dim; They will be open, still were fixed on him. Long did he wait to hear the feeble breath, She spoke to him but now!—Could this be death? And should he hear no more that melting tone? Had she departed? Was he all alone? There is a grief that strikes the soul so deep, It leaves no power to hope, no power to weep. There is a tide of hopeless, dark distress, That lulls all feeling to forgetfulness. When morning dawned, and silvery light was shed Through broken windows on the tattered bed, That fair slight boy was slumbering on the breast So oft the cradle of his infant rest. His heart beat feverishly, but hers was still; A fair bud, blooming by a blossom-cushion; A living harmony, by harpstrings hushed. The father too was there, a bloated thing, That silent conscience had no power to sting. He saw the wreck of all that once was strong, And scarcely breathed a sigh, or shed a tear; And if reflection dared to lift the haze, That veiled the loveliness of other days, He drove to reason, in the maddening bowl, The still small voice that whispered in his soul.

## The Whig Somerset.

The whigs are fast losing their zeal for stopping the spread of slavery, as quotations from the following whig papers will show. Says the New York Courier and Enquirer:

"The Tribune again puts forth the Wilmot Proviso as a Whig principle, in face of the fact that it was introduced into Congress by a Locofoco; that it has been repudiated by Col. Benton, and that it is proclaimed as a Locofoco measure, by a large class of the organs of that party. We believe the principles of that proviso to be eminently just, and would have it carried into full effect. But we have no right, nor have any section or division of the party any right, to foist it into the Whig creed as a Whig principle."

We quote from the Boston Atlas:

"We fear there are some of our friends in the North who view in a false light, and attach